2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, halfway to the ground, and around her forehead was a tin band, scalloped on the upper edge, after the fashion of a crown.

Kianceta was indeed comely to look upon, but her soul was far more lovely than her form. Though an untutored woman of the prairie—one of a low and ignorant class—I have reason to remember her with respect and gratitude. She sympathized with the poor captive when others laughed at his calamities—sat down by his side, and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages in the village beat him with stones and sticks until he sought shelter in the tent. An hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm—gave him corn when others had it not—attended him when sick—casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him in thick buffalo skins until his cold was broken up and his health restored.

Next morning the tribe was assembled, and Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, made a speech. He was not as earnest and impressive as Karolo—palpably inferior in every respect—nevertheless, he was listened to with the most profound attention. At the conclusion of his exhortation, they indulged in a long and jolly feast, when Moko and the three other wives of Big Wolf came and kissed me again and again, and then bestriding their mules, rode away towards their own valley of Mannasaw, weeping as they went.

My time was now passed either in attending upon the Spotted Leopard, or sauntering idly through the village, continually thinking of escape. This subject was never out of my mind. By observing the rising and setting sun, I could tell the points of compass, and recalling, as far as possible, the direction of the different routes I had taken

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1954 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

[ca. 1818]

exception, however, to the general resemblance.—The Yamparacks are more honest and punctilious in their dealings, and much less addicted to thievery. This may be accounted for, by the fewness of their opportunities of trade; the commercial intercourse between the Indians and whites, has invariably had a demoralizing influence on the untutored Savages.

The Yamparacks can probably furnish from 7 to 800 warriors. These frequently unite with the Comanchees, and participate largely in their depredations on the provincial Spaniards.

Of the Tenaways my information is less minute and authentic, they being seldom visited in their distinct villages, by Americans. But they sometimes descend by families, or small parties, to the Comanchee range, to solicit the charity of their brethren who are more contiguous to our settlements, and are constantly supplied with a profusion of such articles as their fancies or necessities require, and who are extremely liberal to their less favored and often destitute kindred. From the representations of the Comanchees and some of their own chiefs, I conclude their numerical strength does not vary much from that of the Yamparacks. This would place the entire aggregate force of the three tribes at about 3000 warriors, which I presume is a probable computation.

The Tenaways range through a mountainous district that separates the waters of the Rio del Norte, from the rivers of Texas, and they sometimes extend their perambulations to the head waters of the Red River of Natchitoches. They carry on a small traffic with the Spaniards of Santa Fee, from whom they receive blankets, knives and tobacco, in exchange for the mules and horses which they capture from the Spaniards of the adjacent Provinces. They often mingle with the Yamparacks when traversing the southern extreme of their range. The utmost harmony subsists between these several bands. They have no distinct limits assigned them, neither does one party claim, in relation to another, any exclusive sovereignty over the particular sec-

24: Richardson H-4 (no date) 1929 NO6 Comanche NO6
(1854-1859) Texas

mate relations with the Penatekas or Southern bands. Along Red River and the Canadian were the Tanimas, Nokonies and Kotsotekas, to the north were the Yamarikas and in the plains region were the fierce Kwaharies. Associated with these northern bands were the Kiowas, fierce and powerful. Parties from these different bands frequently visited the reservation, coming as friends or lurking near as enemies as best suited their purposes. Naturally the going and coming of these wild kinsmen and their occasional presence at or near the reservation made it very difficult for the agents to control their wards. Furthermore, in their raids against the Texas settlements and the North Mexican states these parties often passed near the reservation. This, according to Agent Leeper, was done both to steal additional horses from the reserve Indians and to direct the attention of the pursuers to those Indians in order that they might be charged to the innocent while the guilty made their escape. Indeed the Indians of the reservation frquently suffered severe losses of horses at the hands of these marauders.[11] During the last years of the reservation there developed an estrangement between its inhabitants and their wild kinsmen and at times the wards felt that their lives were insecure, although the agency was near by and the military post but two miles away. In May, 1858, Ka-tem-e-see took his boys out of school in order to keep them near him and better protect them from the wrath of the marauders of the north. By this time the chief had lost his enthusiasm for the wild Indians and on one occasion said that he did not care if the troops killed them all.[12]

On at least one occasion a lawless visitor came near causing a general revolt. One Santa Anna, a notoriously bad Indian, came and put up in Ka-tem-e-see's cabin. Since this was the only cabin on the reservation perhaps the insolent fellow felt that lodging accommodations were poor enough and he proposed to take the best. It was even rumored that he planned to supersede Ka-tem-e-see and make himself chief of the reservation. The chief ordered this Indian and his companion, a Nokoni Comanche, to leave; but they informed him that they were resting from their arduous journey and did not propose to leave until it suited their conven-

11. Leeper's Report, December 31, 1857. Ms. University of Texas photostat copy.

12. J. Shirley, employee at Barnard's trading house at the reservation, to C. E. Barnard, May 6, 1858. Ms. University of Texas photostat copy. Also, Leeper to Neighbors, February 8, 1858. Ibid.

24: Richardson H-4 (no date) 1929 NO6 Comanche NO6
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[657] [609] ience. When this was reported to Agent Leeper he called on the detail of troops stationed at Camp Cooper (only twenty men) to come at once. The lieutenant, Van Camp, came at once and surrounded the building. But to his chagrin and alarm, fifty or sixty warriors, armed with bows and guns, together with about thirty women and boys, armed with sticks and clubs, closed in around the cabin and took the side of the visitors so positively that Van Camp saw that a fight was ahead if he forced the issue. He ordered his men to prepare for action and a battle would have followed but for the fact that he discovered that his men had but one round of ammunition. They had used up nearly all their ammunition the day before in target practice. Thus, since it was impossible to apply force, all that was left for the lieutenant to do was to use persuasion. An agreement was patched up whereby the intruders were permitted to leave and this they did at once.

On the following day the Indians who had taken an active part in protecting the visitors came to Leeper and explained that they had offered resistance to the troops because they thought when they saw the soldiers approaching that all Indians on the reservation were going to be attacked and slain and they were determined to die fighting. Obviously they thought no such thing. Their bad faith in the whole matter was made more in evidence by their telling Leeper that they expected him to say that their "talk" was "good." In case he should not assent and say that their "talk" was "good" they would kill him and his family and leave the reservation.[13]

[609] Naturally the army officers and the Indian agents as well were sorely vexed with the Indians because of this affair. About all that can be said in defense of the savages is that they regarded the intruders as visitors and felt that to abandon them to the soldiers while they were guests at the reservation would be treachery. Some of the older men and women tearfully begged Ka-tem-e-see not to force the issue, just let the man escape and he would not bother them any more.

Inadequate Protection

The lack of proper protection by the troops was largely the

[113] 13. Leeper to Neighbors, August 31, 1858. Ms. University of Texas photostat copy.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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the Indian customers. Later he ran another check on the accuracy of our bookkeeping. He passed this information on to the Indians. I can well remember my embarrassment when one day, after he had finished his investigations, the Reverend Mr. Deyo shook my hand and thanked me for "dealing honestly with my people." It seemed just a little hard for him to understand that a white merchant would voluntarily deal honestly with the Indians. But I am sure Dad, Mother, and I would have been just as puzzled had anyone suggested we deal any other way. At least, I never heard the subject discussed.

I am positive that at the time I had never heard the word "romantic," but it represents the way I thought about the Comanches in our trade territory. They belonged to the group known as Quohadie Tejas, or Antelope Eaters. Their range had been the high plains, centered in what is now the Texas Panhandle, and their leader was Quanah Parker. They had fought at Adobe Walls and in June, 1876, had been the last of the Comanches to surrender to the Army. By simple arithmetic, I knew that every male from the late forties upward had been a warrior. For my own convenience in thinking of them, I separated them into a group I called "the old fellows."

There was another group I didn't have to separate out, those ranging in age from their late teens to the late thirties or early forties. They separated themselves out. Not only did they hold themselves aloof from the whites, but there was a separateness between them and the older Indians—apparently including their own parents.

I learned that these particular Indians had been East to a school financed by the government at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I learned that most of them had the equivalent of a high school education, and some had done college work. Now that they were home with the tribe, they made not the slightest move to use what they had learned, either to better their own condition or to be of assistance to the tribe.

They talked only Comanche among themselves, and wouldn't speak English when conversing with whites if they could make themselves understood by grunts, sign language, or pointing. I called these Indians the Carlisle group.

These young men and older boys, as well as the girls of the same age group, were better-looking Indians than the older, warrior-aged group and their squaws. It was most noticeable in their legs, which were straighter and better developed and appeared longer—the bandy look of the oldsters' legs had disappeared. These young Indians had

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By the time the settlers moved in, the antelope had disappeared from the Comanche country, as well as the deer and turkey. As early as we arrived, I never saw a turkey. Some of the small black bear held out in the Wichita mountains for a few years. But there was no possible chance for the Indian to live on large game.

Ducks, geese, plover, curlew, snipe, bobwhite, and prairie chickens were plentiful, and West Cache Creek was teeming with channel cat, blue and yellow cat, and perch; yet I never saw an Indian hunting birds or dangling a hook in the water.

Fish-eating, I was to learn later, was almost taboo. Wallace and Hoebel, doing research for their Comanche history, gained the impression that the Comanches ate fish only to keep from actually starving. They had no objection to white people's fishing in their streams. I fished for miles up and down West Cache Creek, and no one ever objected.

I have often thought if I owned a farm West Cache ran through, I would charge people just to look at the creek. To the eye of a boy, there was nothing so beautiful as the blue-green water running over the slightly reddish-tinted granite sand. There was no quicksand on West Cache. Its sand was so sharp you scarcely sank in it when you walked, nor did you rile the water. Here and there were small beaches of clean sand where the swimmer could enter and leave the water. This cool, clear water came from the Wichita Mountains. Strong, vigorous elms along the high banks furnished shade for the swimmer or fisherman. More than sixty years later, I still feel it was the most beautiful prairie stream I have ever seen.

Too young in those days to realize the cause, I couldn't help but sense the terrible separateness between my Carlisle group and the older men and women. Later I was to realize that government educators of the late nineteenth century, in carrying out their theory of educating young Indians, violated the unwritten bedrock commandment of human behavior: "Thou shalt not speak ill of any man in the presence of his offspring." You must not cut away the support from beneath his feet. You may be able to furnish him another platform, on which he may see fit to step; but he can never step onto your platform if you have first destroyed his footing.

Even the Comanche children's language became taboo at Carlisle. After drilling into the children's minds what terrible people their par-

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until years later, after I had gone away to college myself, that I tried to analyze the reasons for the old fellows' interest in me.

One conclusion I reached was that because of my size and what they saw me doing, they had thought of me as being older than I actually was. I was as tall as I am now and weighed a muscular 180 pounds. My parents were expecting a man's work from me, and they saw to it that I kept busy. In my skills, I could do a man's work and was doing it, though I was carrying around on my large body only a fourteen-year-old head and, of course, a like amount of experience.

While we were getting the store into operation, Dad hired the team and me out several days to haul rock for the new school's foundation. Then, to have some spending money, I hired myself out to a farmer to break prairie sod—driving one of his teams. I hauled freight for the store, waited on the trade, and, after Dad bought a relinquishment, did the necessary farm work on the claim. When I had leisure I fished and hunted. These old fellows often saw me five or more miles from town, and to the horse-minded Comanches that was an unheard-of distance for anyone to walk.

This continuous activity of mine must have contrasted bitterly with the inertness of their own offspring. And one other possibility occurred to me. Almost all the older Comanches drank hard liquor, when the opportunity was present, but they had great respect for any white man who abstained.

Here was a man who could obtain whiskey at any time and yet didn't drink. It meant something special to them. In their book I was a Jesus Man. Apparently they could conceive of no other reason for abstention. This thinking possibly related to the missionaries, sent out by churches in the East, who were the only white men they had come in contact with who didn't drink.

One Carlisle man who found a beneficial and happy use for his education was Charley Ross. He must have been one of the very first Comanches sent to Carlisle after the surrender in 1876. A happy, outgoing chap, he made a life's work of smoothing the way between the white man and the older Indians. I saw him often and knew him quite well while Dad had his trading store. Once I saw him interpreting a sermon at an Indian camp meeting. After I started to practice law in Oklahoma City, I saw him acting as an interpreter in court trials, and once in a legislative committee hearing. He was always available when his people needed him.

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One afternoon in the late 1930s I drove into the little town of Faxon on business for a client. When I got out of the car, I was face to face with Charley Ross. It had been long since I had talked with him, and my happiness at meeting him appeared to be matched by his at seeing me. For a Plains Indian he was truly an old man—somewhere in his seventies. We sat down on the running board of the car, and dusk found us still sitting there. I had forgotten I had a client, and Charley had forgotten that the daughter with whom he lived would be worried about his being out in the raw, chilly evening air.

I had it in mind to ask him many questions about himself, other questions about old Comanche friends of whom I had lost track, and yet other questions about Comanches in general. But he too had questions, and insistent ones. He knew I had become a lawyer, of course, but mostly he wanted to know about my children—for what place in life they had fitted themselves.

When he learned that my oldest son was already a lawyer and the younger son was preparing for law school, he grinned with pleasure. My father was the first magistrate appointed after the opening, and his jurisdiction had stretched for twenty or more miles in any direction. To Charley that meant Dad had been learned in the law. Then I had followed in the law profession, and now two sons were following me. To Charley, this progression was wonderful.

He was equally pleased to match up my daughters with his. My oldest was on the faculty of a small college, and the younger was teaching in a high school. Both his daughters were teachers and had married teachers.

Another Carlisle product who launched himself into the white man's life stream and kept himself afloat was one of Quanah Parker's sons. But then, he had a motive. He was in love.

Chief Quanah Parker's house was about three miles from the little town of Cache, Oklahoma. Some Texas cattlemen had settled him in a kind of apartment house just south of the Wichita Mountains, where West Cache Creek breaks out into the prairie. He was recognized by the government as chief of the Comanches. Like all the older Indians married to more than one wife, he had been allowed to keep his four or five remaining wives. One son was a Methodist minister, one daughter was married to a minister, and two other daughters married well-to-do white men.

The father of the Carlisle son's sweetheart had been a missionary

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584 to the Comanches. The girl told young Parker that if it was his intention to live around Cache, become another Carlisle loafer, and bask in the reflection of his father's glory, she wasn't interested. But if he was willing to go away and live where people had never heard of the Comanches or of Quanah Parker, she would marry him.

Quanah's son agreed to leave Oklahoma, and they married and moved to Florida. The one thing young Parker could think of that 472 he would have the nerve to try was driving a baggage wagon. So they bought a team and a light dray, and he began hauling baggage and making light deliveries. He made a living from the start, and in time built a first-class transfer business.

177 But Charley Ross and Quanah Parker's son were exceptions. As a lawyer in Oklahoma City I saw a number of pitiable incidents in the 609 courts, in which Indians who couldn't catch hold of the new life were testifying through an interpreter. I know they had been sent to government schools, but they preferred to pretend they didn't know English, rather than to accept the responsibilities of their training. They wished to be thought of as belonging to an older generation that had been denied advantages.

562 The educated young women, too, fell into the dull, dawdling existence led by their men, although I did know two girls, just out of [563] school, who married industrious white men and became hard-working 842 wives, and whose unions prospered financially. (Comanche wives, by the way, seldom bore more than two children, and often only one. But mixed marriages, particularly those of a white man and a Comanche woman, produced fruitfully.)

191 One episode illustrates the attitude of most of the educated women. 129 We had been operating the store several months, and I was proud of my good trade vocabulary. I knew the Comanche name for almost everything in the store that might interest the Indians, and I know their names and designations of money. One day, however, I was neither making myself understood by a very old squaw nor understanding what she was trying to tell me.

The ancient one's patience wore thin, and I am sure the line of chatter flowing from her withered lips in a stream was not complimentary to either my intelligence or my ancestry. Then I was suddenly rescued by a pleasant-faced, nice-mannered young Comanche woman on whom I had waited many times. "She wants coffee," she told me in perfect English.

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595 462 went about her tasks cheerfully and willingly. Whichever one of the women divided the labor reserved enough for herself so that she was just as busy as the other women.

857 462 The little girls of the family stayed close to the women the day through, and performed tasks suitable for their ages. But the little boys roamed far and wide, never seeming to have any duties except when they were helping their father with the horses.

521 522 462 [296] [124] During group tasks there was always quite a bit of conversation and considerable laughing. In warm weather the women would go to the creek together, select a place in the shade where the water was about six or eight inches deep, and sit in the water on the sandy bottom to do the family wash. I never learned what the talk and laughter were about, as I was never able to accumulate a squaw vocabulary.

521 562 609 124 [198] (Comanche women held only the most necessary conversation with any man, Indian or white, other than their own menfolks. And while I was generally able to figure out the subject of the men's conversation and follow its progress, I seldom recognized a word used by the women when they conversed among themselves. At times I was inclined to think they even had a different language.)

595 The same air of camaraderie seemed to prevail whenever the wives were together in a group. I noticed it in the store whenever there was only one family present. Their trading done, the wives would draw their chairs into a group and converse. They never had chairs in their camps, but the women never passed up the several chairs we had in the store—although once in a while some quite old squaw would insist on sitting on the floor. If the chairs were all occupied, the women never hesitated to sit on the floor, and the people trading would walk around them.

595 516 [352] Wherever you saw a man's wives—in town, on the reservation, or at a celebration—they always formed a group. You would not find one wife in a store and another out on the street. Two or more groups of wives would often chat together in the store or sit together in the shade on the reservation or at a powwow.

595 422 294 One custom which seemed odd to me was that of each wife's having her own sewing machine. The sewing done by the average family was not so extensive that one machine would not easily have sufficed. Yet each wife would have her own—something I had been alerted to look for by an article that had appeared in the *Star* commenting that each of Quanah Parker's wives had her individual sewing machine.

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out bows or canvas and with only one outrider, turned into the street 493
from the southeast trail. With the pony teams at a brisk trot the miniature lumber wagons rattled and bumped toward me over the rough frozen ground.

Ours was the farthest store west, with only a wagon yard beyond. 123
Deciding that the wagons were heading for our store, I waited to see who was in them. Looking into the early morning as I was, I couldn't tell. When they were about a half-block away they came out of the sun's rays, and I saw it was the Charley Ross family and the family of his brother-in-law To-pet-chy, with Charley Ross riding horseback. Then the women and children in the wagons began smiling and shouting, *"Hi-hites Para-da-de-a! Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!"* They were looking right at me.

The Comanche country had been our home—Dad's, Mother's, and mine—for about seven months. I had been trying desperately to learn [122]
a Comanche vocabulary sufficient for use in the store Dad had started, and as much as possible about the different Indian families living in our trade territory. Both of these families had been trading at the store. Charley Ross seemed to be one of the very few educated Indians [609]
who would talk readily with white people. He was several years older than the other Indians who had been away to school.

The women drivers turned their pony teams in to our hitchrack; 123
but instead of getting out, they sat there smiling and shouting, along 609
with the children, *"Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!"* Charley swung down from his saddle, left his horse ground hitched, and, smiling, came up to me and put a hand on either shoulder. "Know what the women and children are saying?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I know *hi-hites.* It's a sort of hello, but a hello [576]
you only say to a friend."

"They are saying your new name. Your Comanche name. *Para-da-de-a.* Means Big Boy." [551]

This sudden honor—I realized it was an honor—left me tongue-tied with embarrassment. Charley saved the day for me by continuing, "The Comanches like the way you treat them when they come into the store. They like the way you live. They want you to have a Comanche name. Then other Indians, Indians who don't know you, will know you are to be trusted, because your Comanche friends give you a Comanche name."

This is how it happened that Charley Ross became my friend, in- 123

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smiled. Even Charley's old father-in-law, Mi-he-suah, a veteran of many years on the People's war trails and one of the first casualities of the battle of Adobe Walls, let his face light up now and then with a happy smile; and Mrs. To-pet-chy, the sister-in-law, and her children smiled often. Smiling Comanches were rare, and when one saw a smile on the face of one of the old fellows, it seemed a bit of a miracle.

Charley's first job in Oklahoma was with the Chilocco Indian School. Next he worked for the Kiowa Agency at Anadarko. Then came the opportunity to work for Sam Burnett as a cowboy on the Burnett Ranch in Texas. Charley and Sam Burnett became good friends—the Burnetts, father and son, had the reputation of getting on well with the Indians—and while Charley worked on the ranch he also became acquainted with many other Texas cattlemen. Mrs. Cato especially remembers his having spoken of the Waggoners.

The Burnett Ranch occupied much of the land between Wichita Falls and the Red River to the north. Sam Burnett also rented grass from Quanah Parker on the north side of the river, and he was one of the Texas cattlemen and grass users who in 1884 built a house for Quanah on the bank of West Cache Creek, northwest of the present town of Cache, Oklahoma. When the Indian Department took over the leasing of the grass, Burnett continued his leasing until the country was opened for homesteading.

From Albert Clark, a half-blood Comanche employed at the Anadarko Agency, I learned that Charley Ross acquired his Anglo first name while he worked for Sam Burnett. Mr. Clark's parents had moved to the present town of Faxon, where they lived close to Charley, and as a lad Mr. Clark often talked to him. On one occasion Charley told young Albert the story of his name. One night, he said, the cowhands were all sitting around the wagon eating, when Sam Burnett called Che-appy to come and sit by him. He told Che-appy that he didn't like his name and was going to give him a better one. "From now on," he said, "your name is Charley Ross."

When I learned that Charley had worked as a cowboy for Sam Burnett, I understood something about him that had bothered me. I remembered Charley as a very graceful horseman, like all the Comanches, who sat their horses as if they belonged there and nowhere else. Charley had an extra grace, especially in his mounting and dismounting, which were done with an even flow of only the necessary movements. Perhaps the proper word is rhythm. But my mental pic-

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ture of him always had him mounting his horse from the left side, white-man fashion; and his daughter, Mrs. Cato, says that my memory is correct. The Spaniards had been the Comanches' riding teachers, and because in Spain a horse is mounted from the right side, the Comanches mounted from the right. Charley Ross, however, learned from the Burnett cowboys to mount from the left. From them he also must have learned to train his saddle horse to the ground hitch, in which the rider drops his reins to the ground and the horse stands until the reins are picked up again. As far as I know, this is a cowboy trick.

Certain of Charley's physical characteristics, though they were especially evident when he was swinging on or off his horse, came not from his days on the Burnett ranch, but from his earlier years at Carlisle. A distinguishing feature of the Carlisle Indians, which Charley possessed, was their straight, long legs, which contrasted with the bandy legs of the warrior group. The old fellows showed the effect of a lifetime spent horseback. Also, Charley was typical of the products of the Indian boarding schools in being some inches taller than most of the Comanches of his generation or older, who ranged in height from five feet four inches to five feet six. Charley was five feet ten or eleven inches tall. The balanced diet the students at the schools received, the regular meals, the protection from the elements, and the smaller amount of horseback riding during the growing years probably account for the extra height of both boys and girls and the loss of the bandy look from their legs.

Though Charley was like the rest of the returning Carlisle students in these bodily ways, he was very different from them in his attitudes. It was as though the others shed the school years, and everything connected with them, and shoved it all under a log on West Cache. When they came into our store to make a purchase, they asked for it by its Indian name. They never uttered a word of English if grunting or pointing would get the job done. Nor would they interpret for us, even when it would be to the advantage of an older Indian. For example, one of the older Indians might have a check he had received for the sale of a horse or steer, but he would know nothing but what he had been told concerning its amount. We would be willing to cash the check, but we needed to know that the Indian was aware of the sum named in it. There might be a number of educated young Indians around, but it would be almost impossible to find one

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who would explain to the older man the amount of the check and look to see that we gave him the right amount of money.

In contrast, Charley was always ready to ease the contact between the two races. He sought and found many ways to aid his people in their dealings with the white settlers. Among the tasks which he allotted to himself was that of translating for ministers. Much of the effort to bring the Christian religion to the Comanche was made by ministers unfamiliar with the language. I knew only two ministers who could exhort in the Comanche tongue. The rest had to depend on interpreters when they were preaching. According to Mrs. Cato, her father and mother were charter members of the Baptist church organized at the Deyo Mission on Blue Beaver Creek, west of Lawton and south of the Wichitas. Charley Ross became interpreter for various missionaries connected with the Northern Baptist Convention, now known as the American Baptist Convention. His children and grandchildren are helping to carry on the work of this church organization. Following the death of Reverend Deyo's wife, his brother-in-law, a Mr. Given, and his wife lived at the Deyo Mission parsonage and helped Mr. Deyo carry on his work. When Charley's son was born he was named Given, in honor of this good man. That son, Given M. Ross, now lives in Oklahoma City.

Charley also acted as interpreter in government matters. Of course, I was never present when conferences were held between government officials and tribal leaders, but I am sure Charley was often there as interpreter. I have seen him both in state courts and in the United States District Court, acting as the official interpreter in order that an Indian might have his day in court. On at least one occasion he was used as an interpreter before a legislative committee at the state capitol. This, I believe, was during the consideration of a bill to abolish the Peyote Religious Ceremony. Charley was one who made the wishes of the old fellows known to the state legislature.

These are some of the ways in which Charley Ross spent his long and busy life, smoothing the path between the two races. His task was not easy. Hostility, animosity, bigotry, avarice, and suspicion, if not openly apparent, were but thinly camouflaged on either side when the white man and the Indian were at odds.

In such situations, an interpreter must have the confidence of both parties, or confusion results. One example concerns the signing, in October, 1892, at Fort Sill, of the Jerome Agreement, between the

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was tramped into the sand, he had another layer spread. He charged twenty-five cents a head for cattle to cross his hay-paved crossing; but much of the time the river was tame, and drovers risked the danger of quicksand to save the toll.

Then too, many did not have the necessary funds. Even twenty-five cents a head for two to three thousand head of cattle ran into quite a sum of money, in a just-after-the-war economy. Doan's store was the jumping-off place; it was the last place to buy supplies until a town in Kansas could be reached; the last place mail could be received or sent; the last place owners could meet up with their herd or issue orders to their drovers.

Later, on the same night when my narrator and his boss joined the herd, they heard Quanah and his young men go into camp a short distance down the creek. At daylight they took a quarter of beef down to Quanah's camp and invited him to eat breakfast at the cook wagon.

By the time breakfast was over it began to rain, but they cut out the seventeen head of big steers promised Quanah, and the Indians started for Quanah's camp. But he left two of his young men to accompany the drive to the Washita River. They were to tell any other Indians who might try to stop the herd that it was paid through to the Washita.

Apparently it was the first time the young Indians had had all the coffee they could drink, and they rode to the chuck wagon soon after it made each stop. Food three times a day was also something new, and evidently they enjoyed the trip. When the Washita was reached, the boss got the stores out and gave each of the young braves a pair of jeans pants and a calico shirt.

Because of continuous rain, they held the cattle for three days at the camp where they met Quanah. The grass was excellent. As my narrator expressed it, "The grama-grass was belly high to a yearling," and the herd was healthy and putting on weight. The trip on to Wyoming was uneventful, and they were able to save nearly all the calves.

A ready market was found for the cattle, and at a better price than had been expected. Some of the cowboys decided to work a while for the ranchers buying the cattle, but this drive had gone so well that my narrator decided he wanted to try his hand at bossing a drive.

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000 As soon as he was paid off, he sacked his saddle and made his way home by way of Kansas City. Part of the journey was made by stagecoach, part by passenger train, and part by mail hacks. He was home sooner than anyone else, including the boss, who was carrying the cattle owners' money. But the cowboy could tell them about what the different kinds of cattle brought.

He started right in securing commitments for a herd of stock cattle to start up the trail the next spring, as soon as graze was sufficient. With his father's backing, he had no trouble securing the 643 required number. When he got his herd across the Red River the next 609 spring, he too started for the Comanche chief's camp, and arranged a meeting at the same spot as before.

He said that when Quanah walked into their camp the morning of the rendezvous, he stopped where the rope corral for the horses had been the year before. The old cowman said it was the most luscious weed patch he had ever seen. He was sure every weed known to the Middle West was represented.

643 Silently, Quanah looked at the weeds for some time, then shook 609 his head, saying, "White man he come. Stranger [weeds] he come. 824 Indian he go."

Of course, the Chief was under the impression that the white man had brought the weeds to Comanche land; but actually the weeds were there all the time—scattered and stunted, choked back by the grasses, under normal conditions. But the horses, in and out of the corral during three days of rain, had completely destroyed the grama and mesquite sod, tramping it into the ground.

000 Weed seeds lying in the matted grasses now were in touch with the rich soil, and they grew and produced a sufficient seed crop to seed the coral ground completely this second year. Of course nothing ate the weeds, as there was an abundance of grass on every side.

Years later, in my time, this land was bought from the Indians and opened for homesteading by lottery. Weeds were not apparent, and many farmers looked forward to farming weed-free soil. But the farmer discovered the weeds were there; once the heavy sod was destroyed, they came on with a rush.

Somehow the weeds had managed a seed crop each year. Each year enough seed escaped the sharp eyes of the birds and seed-eating rodents to settle deep in the mesquite grass mat, preserve their species, and complete the cycle.

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A House for Quanah Parker

In the latter part of 1883 or early in 1884, Texas cattlemen persuaded Quanah Parker, that he should have for his family a house like the ones white men lived in. This was less than ten years after Quanah had led the remnant of a once great tribe into Fort Sill to surrender to the United States Army. It never occurred to Quanah to wonder why the cattlemen could afford to build him a home or to think that it had any connection with their renting tribal grassland from him at much less than its value.

Quanah chose a site for his house on West Cache Creek, soon after the creek left the mountains. The site is about three miles northwest of present-day Cache, Oklahoma. At the time there would not have been another structure from Fort Sill west to Texas, nor from the Wichita Mountains south to the Red River, a distance of forty miles.

The lumber for the house was hauled from Wichita Falls, Texas, an overall distance of sixty miles. The forty miles from the river to the site was mostly a beautiful level to slightly rolling prairie, except for the last seven miles. There the freighters would have touched the edge of the blackjack and post oak area. This scrub timber began where Post Oak Creek was forded.

On many occasions, when I was going to the Grass Money payments, I have used the Post Oak ford the freighters probably used. These payments were often made at the reservation located just west of the town of Cache. Post Oak and West Cache occupy the same bottom in this locality, and the freighters probably stayed to the west side of West Cache.

I have driven freight wagons loaded with lumber over these same prairies, although I was hauling from Lawton instead of to Wichita Falls. I assure you it was no job for a sissy. For the last forty miles of their journey, there would not have been so much as a culvert.

The lumber for Quanah's house, according to my figures, would have made fifteen to seventeen large loads—loads that would have required four to five yoke of oxen, or three span of mules. Assuming the lumber was hauled during the dry summer season, the prairie proper would have presented no problem, as it becomes almost as hard and unyielding as a cement roadway. But the first thirty miles of the journey offered three challenges.

The first, of course, was the Red River. If you catch it at low ebb,

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to the plant. Should you actually take hold, the tiny spines on the top of each nodule would get you, while if you passed your hand too closely, some of the interlaced spines would be so placed that they would bite. All in all, it was a well-protected cactus, but not a menacing one.

I don't recall how many years Mother kept the cactus sitting on the little knee-high deck built even with the bottom of the window, and I remember but one casualty. One afternoon Mother was helping in the store and waiting on three Indian women. They were the multiple wives of a Comanche living in our trade territory, and were regular store customers.

Mother and Dad made no effort to learn any Comanche, and they much preferred to have me wait on the Indian trade. At the time, I was busy on the grocery side of the store, but I was keeping an eye on her efforts to wait on the three Comanche women. We kept a number of yardsticks on each counter, so that an Indian could point to what he wanted when we didn't understand him. By custom, each wife bought for herself and her children, paying for each article as she bought it. When it came Wife Number Three's turn, Mother began having trouble.

She was the youngest of the three, and would have been the homeliest even if she hadn't lost one of her eyes. Through one of the mysteries of the world of genes, her one child, a little girl about three, was a beauty by anyone's standards. The other wives of a family always had fun with the wife who was buying. They were apparently offering free advice that was neither sought nor appreciated. They bantered back and forth, but I never knew what was being said. As far as I was able to tell, the Indian women spoke a language of their own—at least they had a different vocabulary. I was soon able to follow the men when they talked, but as it was generally expressed, "No savvy squaw talk."

I was sure Number Three was trying deliberately to be difficult. Maybe she was only trying to show off for the other two wives and for some Comanche women sitting in chairs back by the stove. We never took the stove down when spring came, as there was no suitable place to store it. It took up less space in place than elsewhere. Number Three continually refused to use the yardstick Mother tried to hand her, and by motions insisted Mother lay more bolts of calico on the counter.

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Finally, apparently losing her temper, the one-eyed squaw started mouthing, ran to the south end of the counter, rounded the end, and started back north toward where Mother was standing. Mother, realizing the squaw's intentions, began mimicking her mouthings, picked up her skirts slightly with either hand, as I had seen her do a thousand times when shooing chickens or helping with the livestock around the farm, charged directly toward the little Indian woman.

Mother's mouthing was just as loud and just as unintelligible as was the squaw's, and for an instant it looked as though the irrisistible force was about to collide with the immovable object. Then suddenly Number Three braked to a stop and began running backward. Mother gave her no time to turn around.

Abruptly, the trail ended for the back-peddling intruder—she reached the little window deck where Mother's flowers sat. It was as I have said, knee-high, and the cactus sat on the squaw's side. There was nothing left for the frightened Indian woman to do but sit down, and she sat with all her accumulated momentum directly upon Mother's cactus.

I never decided which arose first, the homely little squaw or her shrieks of pain. At the first shriek, the other wives ran to her rescue. A counter-top showcase hid Mother and the shrieking Indian woman. For all they knew, Mother might be murdering their companion.

When the other wives saw what had happened, they began screaming also, but theirs were screams of laughter. Close behind the wives came the other Comanche women who were sitting around the stove, and their peals of laughter added to the bedlam.

From time to time I have read stories having to do with the stoicism of the American Indians and their ability to repress emotions—remaining indifferent to either pleasure or pain. But I assure you, this repression doesn't include an already excited squaw, clad in a calico *pit-sa-quina*, who unexpectedly sits on a cactus. Neither did it extend to the several Comanche women present in the store when she had her mishap. The little one-eyed Indian woman's shrieks of anguish were what you would expect to hear, even from a sedate white woman, under similar circumstances. And the gales of merriment loosed by the other Comanche women present equaled what you would expect from a group of white women laughing at a companion involved in a like predicament.

Certainly, the victim's face registered a mixture of fear and pain

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to chickens for frying, and there were few chickens in the country. 136

Even the great multitude of new tasks was soul-inspiring. I went 000
ahead with the freight wagons to the little inland town later to be known as Faxon, near where the present town of Faxon, Oklahoma, is. There was the freighting of lumber for the trading store my father planned to establish, the erection of the store building, and the freighting of the merchandise. I was clerking in the store, seeing all the new faces, continually meeting new people, and learning new names.

But none of these wonders was equal to seeing, meeting, and know- 123
ing the Comanche Indians. This was especially true when I sensed that one group of the Indians was inclined to be especially friendly toward me, and they made me feel that I was, in effect, one of them. This group was made up of the older men—the warrior group. They ranged in age from the late forties upward. I remember that in my mind I classed most of them as being in their fifties. Men obviously sixty and over were very scarce.

Since apparently all primitive people are attracted by large men, it may well be that my size helped me with my Comanche friendships. In my fifteenth year I largely had my growth. I was bigger than most men, and my muscles were well developed. Within my skills, I could do a man's work, and did. I continued to grow some until I was sixteen and was actually taller than I am now. I knew only three old Comanches that were taller than I. Quanah Parker and Comanche Jack were two of them.

I was properly thrilled. Here was living history. Here were men that had ridden the war trails to the bitter end: Adobe Walls, Palo Duro Canyon, the retreat to the Big Springs Mountains, and then the surrender at Fort Sill in June, 1875.

I had nothing in common with the teenagers near my age. They didn't work, fish, or hunt, as I did. There was no common meeting ground. What I called the Carlisle group, the older young people who had been to the Pennsylvania school and were much better educated than I, by and large ignored me. I have thought since that perhaps they were a trifle jealous of the attention the old fellows gave me. There was a conscious emotional gap between these educated Indians and the old fellows.

Soon after I arrived, an old squaw man gave me some very valu- 123
able information and advice. It summed up about like this: "If a white 609
man wants to gain the friendship and respect of the Comanche, he 562

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must stay completely apart from the Comanche women and girls." He explained it this way. Comanche women are supposed to have no communications, other than the most necessary, with menfolks other than their own, and this applied with extra force to white men. Comanche men held their women to strict account as to their conduct, and a white man could cause a Comanche woman serious trouble, unawares, should he try to be friendly. I lived up to this rule in every respect. Then, in addition, I naturally extended to all Indian women and girls every courtesy I had been taught to extend to women of my own race. This, too, could have had some bearing.

I could not help but notice Mo-cho-rook. He was a standout in every way. To start with, he was obviously the oldest of the old Indians. He was noticeably smaller than any of the other Indian men. And what was even more obvious, he had at this time only one wife. And of all the old fellows, he had by far the youngest wife and the youngest child. He was completely antisocial. I not only never gleaned a smile, but I never even drew a grunt from him, in the five plus years that I knew him.

On the top of all this, he had about the meanest look, and the cruelest eyes, I have ever seen on a human. I was later to know Geronimo, who was being held as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill. If anyone could have run Mo-cho-rook even a close second for looking mean and cruel, it would have been Geronimo.

The only time he ever came inside the store was when he needed smoking tobacco. He would have his nickel ready in his hand, would point to the Bull Durham, and when I handed him the tobacco, he would hand me the nickel. My fattest smile never brought a change in his expression. Once he had his tobacco, he would return outside. I never knew him to stay in out of even the most inclement weather.

I soon sorted out his wife. She was a young, large-limbed girl, with the true Comanche copper color. She had a baby boy, around a year old. He was old enough to be out of the cradle board, but that first summer he was not walking as yet. He was a healthy-looking little chap and, like all Indian babies, well behaved. I was later to learn that this child was the only one ever born to Mo-cho-rook by any of the numerous wives he had had. His squaw nearly always stayed in our store until they were ready to go home, and she bought all their supplies. He was one of the few Indians who never found it necessary to run an account until Grass Money time.

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vegetables, and seventy-five cents for smoking tobacco and sweets for the children.

Most Indian families lived in meager comfort if the head of the household neither drank nor gambled. Of course, Indians who were compulsive gamblers lowered their families' standard of living also. The gambler's family had a feast-or-famine existence at best.

There is this to be said for gambling money—much of it stayed in the tribe, while money spent for liquor was gone forever. It is easy to understand why decent people deplored the selling of whiskey to these wards of the government.

One recurring incident of Comanche drinking, however, became an amusing interlude to people living close to our store. It occurred in the little inland town of Faxon, Oklahoma Territory, and began immediately after the opening of Comanche land for homesteading in 1901.

The old couple involved in the incident have children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren living. Let's call the father of the family Old Warrior. He was one of the better-to-do Indians in worldly goods. He had quite a few horses, a few beef cattle, a good hack, a nearly-new small lumber wagon, and good harness, and the family as a whole owned several stock saddles.

But when Old Warrior and his woman came to town for whiskey they never drove. They would ride double on a little, fat, gentle mare, the kind of mount the Indians termed a squaw horse—meaning a safe horse for anyone to ride. It was on such a mount the little folks learned to ride solo. Instead of a saddle, Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior rode on a blanket, folded so both could sit on it.

Of course the mount was a dead giveaway, as they only used the little mare when they came for whiskey. Another giveaway was that they would arrive in town near dusk, long past the time they would start for home when driving. The first year or two, when not drinking, they would take a roundabout road home. But on whiskey nights, their errand accomplished, they rode straight for home, point to point across the prairie.

Ordinarily they were a friendly family, and once their other errands were attended to, they made our store their stopping place. They always tied their horses to our hitchrack, if there was room. But when on a whiskey trip, they left their friendliness at home and never came to our store. Nor did they enter any other place of business.

For some time there was a vacant store building just to the east

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553 562a Little significance attached to a girl's name. Often she was given a pet name by her mother at birth and probably not given a real name for several years. Once named, she carried that name for the rest of her life, even after her marriage.

115 Much of my information concerning Ca-vo-yo and name-giving came from Charley Ross, who in turn had received much of his information from his father, To-wa, and his father-in-law, Mi-he-suah, whom we called Mi-so. They and Ca-vo-yo were approximately the 726 same age, and the three had been young warriors together. Mi-so was wounded during the first charge at Adobe Walls. With a buffalo-gun slug in his abdomen he lay all day quite near the Walls without moving, knowing that should the defenders detect any movement they would finish the job. He was rescued near evening by two mounted warriors, who, riding at full speed, picked him up, laid him across the horse in front of one of the riders, and rode out of range without being hit.

552 177 Once Charley told me of a service Ca-vo-yo rendered the older Indians who knew no English. I think I remember it almost word for word, and so I will give it as a quotation. "When the white man came to live among the Comanches, here in Comanche land, he brought many things and customs the older Indians had never seen and knew nothing about. The old men went to Ca-vo-yo, and he gave them a Comanche name for each such article and custom. The words he gave them had a particular significance for the article or customs and were easily remembered."

Then Charley gave a little laugh, a sort of chuckle, and went on, "Many old Indians had never seen a completely bald man until they saw your father, so he gave him the name Ka-hait-ze Paph. *Ka-hait-ze* is 'without'; *paph* means 'hair' or 'head.'"

000 342 I carry three vivid mental images of Ca-vo-yo. One is really a composite image. He lived in a little T-shaped box house that sits on the east bank of West Cache Creek, right where Blue Beaver Creek 609 adds itself to the larger stream. Soon the white people who lived to the east of the creek wanted another ford. They wanted a single ford to take the place of the fords across each creek, a mile upstream. So Ca-vo-yo allowed them to construct a ford just back of his house and only feet below the junction of the two creeks. To use this new ford you had to open and close two gates, as you let yourself through his horse corral.

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In about a year the Rock Island Railroad came, and they wanted ooo to build only one bridge instead of two. So, only a few feet below Ca-vo-yo's ford, they built a bridge to take their track across Cache Creek. More years passed, and now a splendid highway bridge spans the creek, just below the spot where the now discarded railroad bridge's sawed-off piling marks its once useful evistence. Ca-vo-yo's little T-shaped house also remains.

I was courting my first sweetheart when the ford went into use. Her people lived about two and a half miles east of Ca-vo-yo's house, and our town was about two and a half miles northwest of the ford. The Girl and I used his ford many times. We each had a good riding horse, and often we were horseback. Then by diligence I rated a buggy. (It didn't have a top, but we didn't mind; we were in love.) Ca-vo-yo didn't have an arbor, and if the weather was at all clement, he and his woman would be sitting on the east porch when we went by. We would smile and wave gaily to the old Indian and his [576] woman, and they would return our smiles and our waves. With slight variations this scene was repeated many times.

One Sunday afternoon, following an afternoon church service, we were returning to her parents' home. While I held the lower gate 609 open for the Girl to drive the buggy through, I saw Ca-vo-yo come 198 out, open the upper gate, and lay it back. Knowing he wanted to talk, when I drew even with him I stopped the horse. Smiling his widest smile, the old fellow approached the buggy and by the means of signs and the use of one word asked, "Is she your wife (squaw)?" Apparently he and his woman were becoming curious, since they didn't understand white man's courting. Probably, to them, we were wasting a lot of time.

When you try to describe the sign language (*maw-ta-quoip* or hand talk), it sounds jerky and disconnected. Instead it had a natural grace and flow, like unhurried water making its way over a well-worn course. The old Indian extended his right fist, closed loosely, knuckles up, in front of us. Quickly extending his forefinger toward the Girl, and as quickly closing the finger back, he extended the thumb pointing to my chest. Then he said the word "squaw" as a question—literally, "She your squaw?"

I didn't look toward the Girl. I am sure she was blushing, as I ooo know I was. I finally managed to shake my head and stammer out a "No," as I drove away. In due time the Girl and I managed to resume

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452 Soon I came to a slip with a mistake of a dollar in the Indian's favor.
797 It was my mother's writing. The Indian had brought back a pair of girl's shoes, taken another pair that cost more, and also bought supplies —groceries and dry goods. I called the preacher's attention to the mistake, and he agreed. "Yes, it should be a dollar more." And he wrote it down that way. When he totaled the entries, the amount was exactly a dollar more than the amount I had given him.

During the auditing of the slips, both the minister and the Indian had remained grave and distant. The atmosphere wasn't friendly. Maybe they were embarrassed. I was. I was only in my fifteenth year, though I was operating in an adult sphere. My head was only a fifteen year-old head, and the same went for my experience. It was the first time anyone had seen fit to check our bookkeeping. In a way, I was feeling accused.

But when the preacher explained to Wer-que-yah, in the Comanche tongue, that our bookkeeping was honest, there was a bit of a lilt to the missionary's voice. And now the Indian was all smiles. As we arose from the ground, he exclaimed, "Wano! Wano!" a number of times and patted my back vigorously.

Then it was Reverend Deyo's turn. He extended his hand, saying, "I want to thank you for dealing with *my people* honestly. I checked your prices. I already knew you sell to the Indian and the white man at the same price. I shall tell *my people* you deal honestly. Not all merchants treat uneducated Indians fairly."

439 This incident may have accounted for some of our success as in-
452 dependent Indian traders. We, in turn, had to depend entirely upon
[672] the honesty of the Indian. He could neither be sued, nor could a judgment be levied against him.

000 Several years ago, two of my nephews were living with me and attending the university. One popular song you heard each time you tuned in on a radio program was "Don't Take Your Guns to Town, Son!" It was a plea of a mother to her son, just approaching young manhood, not to go to town armed, lest some gunman might see an easy way to get another notch on his gun and kill her offspring.

609 I told the boys I had once received much the same advice from an
452 old Indian from whom I tried to borrow a gun while I was badly scared. It was Wer-que-yah. It happened during another Grass Money payment at the same Cache reservation. This time Wer-que-yah's

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camp was southeast of the Red Store, on a dry run that had a good deal of timber along both sides of its gouge.

Nearly every payment, we collectors would hear of someone being caught collecting on the reservation by a couple of deputy U.S. marshals, who had taken his money and pistol-whipped him. Until this payment, I had never been approached by a marshal. While they carried commissions, presumably they were on the trader's payroll.

I don't think I had ever been noticed before. I went to the camps of our customers only. Sometimes it would take two or three trips over a couple of days to catch everyone. When through, I hit for home. Often I was carrying considerable money and I didn't feel like visiting.

On this occasion, I was about to miss the Per-da-sop-py camp, and one of the girls—the children had all been to school—called me. I rode to the tent entrance, dismounted, and, holding my horse, waited till she brought out what she owed. As she was paying, a single marshal riding by saw the transaction and ordered me off the campgrounds.

We were about a half-mile from the gate, and he rode on ahead. I felt sure he was looking for his partner. I had visions of losing the $300 to $400 of the store's money I was carrying, and being pistol-whipped besides. I had seen men pistol-whipped by officers, and I didn't relish the prospect.

I had already collected from Wer-que-yah, knew his camp was hidden by trees, and rode directly to him. Excited, I told him my story and what I feared was going to happen to me. I knew either he or his son, Enoch, owned a good Colt .44. I asked to borrow it.

He began shaking his head. "Gun no wanol Gun heap bad!" he exclaimed over and over. "Horse heap fast!"

He jumped up, motioned for me to follow him, and started on foot down the bank of the run. Finding a place where the bank was low, he crossed over and continued down the east side. In a hundred or so yards we came to where the run left the reservation, near where it emptied into West Cache Creek.

Someone had pulled the staples holding the wire from a couple of posts, and the wire sagged almost to the ground. My friend stood on the wire and I rode across. I thanked him and hurried on my way. I wasn't by any means over my scare. I rode in the Cache Creek timber as far as I could and put my horse to a long lope—ready to start him running at the first sign of pursuit.

During the summer, a man by the name of Smith had started a

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423 657 principal agent was at Anadarko, but for a time sub-agents were maintained at both Fort Sill and Cache. One of Quanah Parker's daughters, Laura Neda, married A. C. Birdsong, an agent at Cache. The actual Comanche Reservation period ended in 1901, when the members of the tribe took individual allotments.

123 In 1907 I quit working at the store and went away to school. I visited my parents from time to time and often saw some of my Indian friends in town during these visits. But I never saw Wer-que-yah again until late in the fall of 1919. He farmed some of his Post Oak Creek bottomland and had grain for his beloved horses in the winter. The day I saw him, he was selling a wagonload of husked yellow corn. The Record Book shows that he died the following September. Peet-So survived him by twenty years.

123 609 Some years after his death, my mother told me of a visit he and Peet-So made to her and Dad's home. He had heard of my marriage and that we had a boy baby. He was able to make Mother understand that they wanted to see a picture of my baby.

Mother invited them in. Wer-que-yah and Peet-so sat together, and Mother said they oohed and ahed as though it had been a picture of one of their own grandsons whom they had never seen. It was shortly after the noon hour, and, learning that they hadn't eaten, Mother prepared them a meal. After they left, she was unable to find the photo. Apparently they considered it a gift. They may even have asked for it.

609 About ten years ago I was told yet another story. Glenn Hagar, a druggist at Chattanooga, was the teller of the tale. His father's farm was near the Wer-que-yah home. On days when they were not needed on the farm, he and his older brother often went to the Indian's home and played with his younger sons.

There were trees to climb, Post Oak Creek to wade and swim in, fish to be caught, and cool, clear spring water to drink. There were none of these things on their father's prairie farm.

Mr. Hagar's father's people lived just west of the present town of Faxon. His father's half-sister became seriously ill with typhoid fever. There were serious doubts as to whether she would recover. One morning, while the parents were waiting for the doctor to arrive, Wer-que-yah drove into their yard.

Tying his team, he came to the house and asked about the little

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girl. When told how seriously ill she was, he asked if he could come in and pray for her. The parents consented. The child was in a coma, and it would not disturb her. The prayer was long and, of course, in his native tongue.

I am sure there was no doubt in his mind but that God understood Comanche. When he arose, there were tears in his eyes. He assured the worried parents their daughter would live. Wiping the tears from his eyes, he went out, untied his team, and drove away toward home.

These are some episodes I tell over in my mind, recalling Wer-que-yah, bringing his picture before me clearly. They are the bold brush strokes. Then they, in turn, bring many tiny details to mind as I continue to think of him.

There are friendly smiles; quick, firm handclasps; an arm held high, waving me to leave the trail and ride by his home, where, smiling, he shows me his excellent field glasses. He has seen me afar off and has waited to wave. These are the fine brush strokes that fill in the background of my picture of Wer-que-yah, Jesus-Man Comanche.

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Let us review what we know concerning the Bone-setter. Dr. McLain insisted that the cowboy's work indicated he possessed surgical training. His stitches were put in with a surgical needle and catgut suture, and he had a limited supply of powdered calomel. Excepting for the powdered calomel, these things were unlikely appurtenances to be carried by an itinerant cowboy. With the circulation of these facts, the tongues of the curious wagged.

The only other testimony comes from Jim Martny, Earny interpreting. No one else acknowledged knowing the cowboy or having seen him. Nearby ranch-owners and their ranch hands would not admit to knowing any cowboy who could fill the bill. They knew of cowboys who had set a bone or two; but this was a multi-fracture, a wholesale affair, along with the job of cleaning and stitching Albert's scalp back in place, besides caring for the numerous horseshoe wounds.

Approximately in these words, with Earny translating, Jim told of the cowboy, and he never varied from it: "Cowboy come to camp just after white medicine man leave. Him say he hungry. We feed cowboy. Him say he cowboy medicine man. Him set Albert's bones. Cowboy ride away north.

"Him look like all cowboys look. All cowboys look alike. All have mustache. All have big hat, high-heeled cowboy boots. All wear jeans pants and calico shirt. All have big gun in belt. All have good saddle.

"Horse him different. I tell about horse. Him sorrel so high," and Jim pointed to his chin.

"Horse come long way. Horse tired. Cowboy tired. Horse have white face. One white foot." And Jim made the necessary motions to help Earny finish the description of the horse: blaze face, left front foot white.

There was never one word as to how the long afternoon progressed, other than the use of the yellow soap. This was one of the few specific questions Jim seemed to understand. Like most Indians of his day, he found "No savvy" a convenient way to dodge any question he didn't care to answer.

Never a word as to how the women behaved. No word as to when Albert regained consciousness—whether it was during the ordeal of having his bones set or afterward. He was conscious when Dr. McLain drove his buckboard out, the afternoon of the second day, to dress the wounds. This seems to have been an instruction from the cowboy, to have the white doctor come out the second day.